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A COMEDY

IN 3 ACTS, BY

JOSH HART,

Entitled,

CHING WING

AND HIS

LAUNDRY.



Introducing a New and Original Water Scene.



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Entered according to the Act of Congress, by JOSH HART, December 1st, 1879.

Boston

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Washee Washee,
OR
Scenes in the Rival Laundries.

An Original Sketch by G. L. STOUT.

TMP96-006415

[SCENE FIRST.]

Two House Street.—On the R. A. Bakery, with sign over door, "P. O'Briana, French Baker." Large window with "Bread and Cakes" painted on it; on the L sign over door, "Ching Wing, Chinese Laundry."

Enter MRS. O'HOLIHAN, with a small bundle of clothes under her arm.
R. I. E.

MRS. H.—"Oh Musha! is it not a sin and a shame that a poor woman like me in a free and independent country should be run out by a lot of Heathen Chinamen, bad luck to them, (*looking at bundle.*) See here, this is all the clothes I could get, all of the people I have been washing for, has gone and give them to the Chinese; they say, they do them cheaper; faith and well they may, they live on nothing, a lot of mice, or a rat or dead dog is a feast to them, and they call this a free country, where a blasted heathen, a white nager has as much and more rights than a decent christian, (*look at house L.*) and there is the place where they live, (*reading sign,* Ching Wing; may the devil fly away with you and your name to Ching Wing. Oh! murther. there is a name for a christian." (*shakes her fist at sign.*)

Enter CHING WING from L. I. E., with a very large bundle of clothes on his back; he goes towards laundry L, and runs against Mrs. H. and knocks her down.

MRS. H, (*on stage*).—"What was that that struck me."

CHING.—"Me beg a pardon, Irish woman; me did not see you, alla samee."

MRS. H. (*getting up*).—"And was it you who struck me, ye rat eating heathen; is it for the likes of you, and be knocking decent people from the pavement after taking the bread out of their mouth, ye beast of a foreigner; may the auld nick admire ye."

CHING.—"Me very sorry; Irish woman no good washee, no good; alla samee Chinaman don't like Irish."

MRS. H.—"So ye don't like the Irish? only hear that; the heathen don't like the Irish, that's a great pity; well, well, ye are a disgrace to human nature."

CHING.—“Ilish no good, drink a whisk, eater spud, all the time drunkee, no good all the samee; Chinee man good man, getta plentee wash; (*points to large bundle he has,*) Ilish woman no good, getta no much wash.”

Mrs. H.—“And is it the likes of ye who takes the bread out of mine and me children’s mouths, and then jibes me wid it. Ah, ye creature, I’ll take that wash ye have from ye this minute, or my name is not Bridget Ann O’Holihan.” (*Strikes Ching over the head with bundle of clothes; Ching throws large bundle at her and knocks her down; a fierce fight takes place between them.*)

Enter DAN. O’HOLIHAN, K. I. E.

DAN.—“Hello, what’s this I see, my wife Bridget Ann getting murdered by a Chinee; (*by this time Ching is holding Mrs. H. and beating her with bundle. Dan trips Ching up,*) now Bridget Ann ye have him, knock the life out of him.”

CHING, (*hallooing*). HOP SING, WING WANG, KUY SIN, and several chinese from Laundry enter with bamboo sticks and beat Dan and Mrs. H. During the mullce the bundle is broke open and the clothes thrown all over the stage; a bundle is thrown into the baker’s window and it is broke.

Enter O’BRIANA from house R; looks at his window,

O’BRIANA.—“Who shall go and throw in de vinder; bad luck, who broke me vinder.” (*He looks and sees Dan and Mrs. H. fighting; he pitches on to chinese; several chinese rush in and beat them all off.*)

CHANGE OF SCENE.

[SCENE SECOND.]

The interior of an “Irish Laundry.” Tables R and L with women Ironing.

Mrs. CROGAN.—“Well well; I wonder what can keep Bridget Ann so long with the washing she went after. I hope she got plenty of it, for we have hark work now a days to make a living.”

Mrs. FAGAN.—“True for ye Mrs. Crogan, we poor women find it very hard to make both ends meet, and my husband Tim has not done a stroke of work for over three months, and so many mouths to feed at home, faith it makes me sick when I think of all the trouble we poor creatures have to go through.”

Mrs. CROGAN.—“I tell ye, Mrs. Fagan, we’ll never get along with them chinese. Before they came ir to the country, there was work and plenty for all of us to do, but the beasts now are getting all of the washing to do. Oh it was a sad day when the monkeys left their native country and settled here.”

A noise out side. Enter MRS. HOLIHAN, with a black eye and her face scratched and clothes torn. She moves down stage and faints in chair.
All the women leave their ironing and gather around her.

ALL —“What's the matter, Mrs. Holihan,”

(Mrs. Holihan, after they have dashed water in her face and burnt paper under her nose slowly comes too.)

MRS. H. —“Where am I?”

MRS. CROGAN. —“Why here in the laundry. What has happened?”

MRS. H. *(looking around,)* —“I have been malvoosted and murdered by the chinese, me and Mike. My huslance the heathens have killed us. Oh murder, the beating that they gave us.”

MRS. CROGAN. —“And is it a chinaman you'd let beat a strong hearty woman like ye?”

MRS. H. —“A chinee on me, there was a hundred of them. Mike is dead I'm sure he is, he tried to take my part, when the whole chinese laundry fell upon us, and devil of a whole bone did they leave in our bodies. Not content with taking the bread from our mouths, they want our lives. Shall we poor downtrodden women stand this?”

ALL THE WOMEN. —“No, never.”

MR. HOLIHAN *is brought on a shutter by Pat Crogan and Tim Fagan. The women all gather around him and begin kiding him. Oh, Musha, why did ye get kilt.*

MRS. H. —“Now out ye Tim Fagan and tell all of the neighbors that Mike is kilt by the chinese, and you pat go the corner for a bottle of whisky and pipes to wake the poor boy decent. Oh, Mike, why did ye get kilt.”

MIKE. *(still lying on shutter and speaking aside.)* —“I'll wait till the whisky comes before I'll revive. Every bone in me body is aking now.”

The women all kean. Enter Pat with a bottle of whisky; he gets near the head of Mike, pours it out into tea cups, and presents it to the women. He turns his head away each time from Mike, who is about to drink, when Pat turns back again.

MIKE. —“Be the powers they a robbin' the corpse. I must have my share. *(jumps up suddenly and siezes bottle.)* Give me some of that, do you think I have no mouth, ye robbers of the dead.”

MRS. H. —“So it's not dead ye are at all Mike?”

MIKE —“Sure I'm not, but I ought to be from the beating I got from them heathen chinese.”

MRS. H. —“Faith are we to stand this, to have our bread taken from our mouths, and then be beat till we are black and blue.”

Enter TIM. FAGAN and a lot of Irish Men and Women, door in flat.

Mrs. H., (*taking a table and getting up on it,*)—"My friends and country men and women: Are we to stand bein' beat and murdered by a lot of blasted heathens who has over run our country; a lot of infedel forners who do our work?"

EVERYBODY.—"Clean them out."

MIKE.—"Yes, clane them out, they want it. We'll make broken china of the n, the rat-eating torments."

Mrs. H.—"Let every woman sieze her iron or her washboard and follow me, I'll lead ye on to beating, and let our cry be death and destruction to the heathen chinee."

All rush from door. Change of scene.

[SCENE THIRD.]

Chinese Laundry and Bakery. Same as Scene First.

Enter O'BRIANA from R. I. E. with a couple of his bakers.

'O'i, dis is very much wrong, me vinder is broken, guil san paell, ma ful. May the devil amire the ones that done it. I'll comprehend sans bland tunder and de devil. Me vinder, (*shaking his fist at the laundry,*) the dirty heathen spalpeen; I'll make you pay for that window. I am as a riere, you'll find me."

Enter all the Irish women and men with Mrs. HOLIHAN at the head.

Mrs. H.—"See there's the place where the heathens live and work, and there's the place they beat us."

O'BRIANA.—"Madam look at my vinder, you see how he vos broken? Come, less pour a vas."

Mrs. H.—"Come, don't be giving us any of your French, you can speak as good Irish as any of us, sure I knew you before ye french-afree your name, and you called yourself O'Bryan tien. and now you're Monsieur O'Brian. O i, musha, there's a name for a country gulway man: be the powers, if they had you in Ireland with such a cognomen, they'd put you in the bays for frog."

O'BRIANA.—"You will comprehend madam."

Mrs. H.—"Don't tell. If you are a man, an Irishman, don't disgrace your country, but lend a hand to beat these foreign devils of chiese from the country."

O'BRIANA.—"Faith I will ye, they broke my window, (*suddenly selecting himself,*) I'll comprehend, m'lan, my vinder is taut sweet, I mean."

Mrs. H.—"Don't say another word, ye gave yourself deal away with me vinder, as if ye had an irish spud in your mouth, will you lend a hand and help to clean out the chiese?"

O'BRIANA.—“I will have bad luck to me, but I will.”

MRS. H.—“That yell would give ye away if nothing else. Now let all of ye follow me, and rush upon the heathens, and wherever you see a head, don't wait, but strike it. Strike for yur bread and butter; strike for yur rights, and let yur cry still be, equal rights to all men, but down with t. e heathen chinee.”

They all cheer and rush into the Chinese Laundry. The bakers follow them. Change of Scene.

[SCENE FOURTH.]

The Interior of a Chinese Laundry. “Stove near C with Irons on.” Tables R and L with chinamen ironing. “Tubs of water” C with chinamen washing.

Enter CHING WING with a black eye.

CHING.—“Ilish man makee Ching black eye. Ilish man no good alla samee. Ilish voman much madce because chinaman gettee much washee. Hop Loo. (*Hop Loo comes down from his tub.*) how manee shirtee have in de wash?”

HOP.—“Two dozen shirtee, all de same six dozen, call 3 dozen sockee.”

CHING.—“Make a wash. Merican man wantee alla samee dis dayee. stop me to get dinner, dinner all done, dog a cookee. Very nice little dogee; voman come in laundry getta wash, have little dogee, chinaman see him, takee him in back roomee, tellee voman dogee run out door, he held up dog skin, savee you?”

HOP.—“Me savee, very nice, eatee dog, makee.”

CHING.—“Come bring dinner alla samee now.” (*Hop goes off and brings in bowls of rice and bowl with stewed dog in. Ching takes rice and eats it with chop sticks.*)

Enter MRS. MELROSE, D. in flat.

MRS. MELROSE.—“Did you see anything of my dear little Fido, since I left?”

CHING.—“Fido, vat you callee Fido?”

MRS. MELROSE.—“Why, my dear little poodle dog that I had with me when I came in to see about the washing, about an hour ago.”

HOP.—“Little dogee, he run in streetee.”

MRS. MELROSE.—“No he didn't, a gentleman who was standing at the door waiting for me, says he never left this place, so he must be here now.”

CHING.—“Me no see him.”

MRS. MELROSE, (*looks around and discovers skin*)—"Oh, that is the skin of my dear little Fido, he had a blue ribbon around his neck. (*Looks in the bowls and fishes out blue ribbon.*) Oh there is the ribbon, I declare if these brutes aint going to eat my dear little Fido. (*screams and faints.*)

Chinamen all gather around her, she screams police.

Enter POLICEMAN, D. in flat.

POLICEMAN.—"What's the matter here?"

MISS MELROSE.—"Why Mr. Policeman, I came in here about an hour ago to see about some washing, and I had a dear little dog with me and I suddenly missed him, they told me he had run out the door. When I returned just now, I found his skin here, and these nasty chinamen eating my dog."

CHING.—"Me no likee dogee. ratee good, but now bow wow alla samee no good. Savee?"

POLICEMAN.—"Well mam, if the dog was licensed, the best thing for you to do is to get out a warrant for robbery, dog gone robbery. Come with me, I'll attend to this."

Exit with Miss Melrose.

CHING.—"Eat dogee up quickee, so when policemanee come he no find him."

All the Chinamen eat from bowls very quick, and Hop takes dog skin and throws it in the stove Ching goes up and blows water over clothes and begins to iron. A loud shout is heard outside. Enter all of Irish with Mrs. Holihan at their head.

MRS. HOLIHAN.—"There they are, don't lave a mother son of the heathens alive, give it to them."

The chinamen throw water from tubs; a fight all around takes place between Irish and Chinamen with water, at last the Chinamen charge with hot irons and drive the Irish across the stage.

MRS. HOLIHAN.—"Go into the baker's next door, get whatever you can and for the honor of ould Ireland, don't let these heathens beat ye."

Chinamen charge and drive Irish out the door. Chinamen all shout.

CHING.—"Good, very good; we lick Ilishman alla samee like hellee; chinamen brave, no care for hoodlum, make it hottee for them; alla samee, loafers, allee time no good, allee wash he spoilt; me go for policeman, put out Ilishman."

A loud shout is heard outside, Irish and Bakers return armed with loaves of bread and rolls. A grand water battle; water thrown from tubs and buckets over each other until end of scene.



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